

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS," &c.

No. 37. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1841.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Illustrations of Humanity. No. XXXVII.—The Reapers	122	Agnes Lindorf. Translated from the German	123
The Heroines of Burns	123	A Fearful Tragedy	131
The Gathered Rose	126	ORIGINAL POETRY :—The World had Faith	132
Autographs and Notices of Distinguished Persons.—		Varieties	132
No. XI.	127		

THE REAPERS.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. II.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
M

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXXVII.—THE REAPERS.

THE occupation of farming is one of the most ancient on record. It is perhaps next in antiquity to that of gardening; which last, as our readers are aware, is contemporaneous with the time of Adam himself. Agriculture has been a favourite avocation in all ages of the world, and can boast among its patrons many of the most distinguished names which are inscribed on the tablet of history. The mere circumstance of agriculture being so favourite a pursuit, is a proof that it is also one of a pleasant kind; for persons will never be found evincing, in great numbers, a marked predilection for any occupation which is not productive of pleasure to those who follow it.

Farming, however, like every other pursuit, has its comparative pleasures. Every branch of the business, if business it may be called, is not equally agreeable. The most pleasant is doubtless that of reaping,—always of course assuming that the crops are good, and the weather propitious. The season of harvest is to the farmer what the haven is to the sailor after a long and anxious voyage. It is the fulfilment of all his hopes—the goal on which his eye from the moment of his casting the seed into the earth, has been constantly fixed. During the intervening months he has lived by faith; now is the season of his faith's fruition. His hopes are at length realised; the hour for which he so anxiously looked and longed has now arrived, and as he gazes on his fields white unto harvest, and laden with the bounties of Providence, he feels a measure of happiness of which those who follow the avocations of the crowded city can form no conception.

Nor is it the farmer only that rejoices with a peculiar joy in the season of harvest. His pleasures are largely shared by all whom he employs to cut down and gather in the fruits of the earth. The harvest field is the scene of hard labour, but the severity of the toil is materially diminished by the agreeable circumstances under which it is performed. Nature herself usually wears a smiling aspect in the autumn of the year. The weather is genial, and the smile of satisfaction and gratitude which the reaper observes in the countenances of the farmer and his family, calls forth by an unaccountable sympathy a smile from himself. Love, the proverb tells us, begets love. With equal truth may it be said, that witnessing the happiness of others produces a similar feeling in every generous breast. Who ever yet gazed on the countenances of a band of reapers without being delighted with the evidences of happiness with which their every look, and word, and movement abounded?

We know of no more grateful spectacle than that of witnessing the operations of an efficient company of reapers. It is pleasant to see the sickle applied to the ample handful of corn, fully ripe and abundant in its produce, the moment it is grasped. You feel as if

you were thankfully receiving the beneficent gifts of the great Benefactor, who, though dwelling in the skies, regulates the destinies of our lower world. The pleasing reflection suggests itself to one's mind, that in that corn which is now in the act of falling under the sickle, there is the provision for an entire year for man and beast. You do not look on it as the property of the farmer who is entrusted with its cutting down and gathering in; you regard him as only the steward of that bountiful Being who vouchsafed the favourable seasons, acting on behalf of the great family of man. The agriculturist himself will consume but a mere fraction of the produce of his farm. That produce will feed the mouths and fill the stomachs of thousands, whose faces he has never seen and never will see in this world.

Perhaps the meals which are eaten in the harvest field are the heartiest and most grateful to the palate, of which the human appetite ever partook. Homely though they be, they are wholesome and pleasant to the taste, to a degree of which those who live on the luxuries of towns can form no conception. The reaper has always an excellent appetite, caused by the invigorating breezes and his active labours; and his palate not being vitiated by the artifices of scientific cookery, he enjoys his meals with infinite zest.

Reapers include persons of both sexes. On the harvest field you see males and females, married and single. Of course, the female being the weaker vessel, is not able to go through so much labour as her lord and master; still she is able to do sufficient in the work of cutting down, to render her aid desirable. In many harvest fields, indeed, the greatest proportion of the reapers are females; the labours of a certain number of the other sex being required in binding the sheaves, making the stacks, and in other departments of agricultural duty.

The harvest field is almost proverbial for the number of courtships which have been matured into marriage, and the attachments which have been formed in it. If among the reapers there be two persons of opposite sexes who had previously commenced the work of courtship, they always contrive to be placed next each other on the scene of the sickle's operations, and the attachment already formed, however slight, hardly ever fails to ripen into a proposal and acceptance before the reapers celebrate the conclusion of their labours in the ceremony of "harvest home." And on innumerable occasions, attachments which have terminated in speedy marriage, have been formed "on the stubble," while the sickle was busy in the discharge of its destructive functions, even in cases where the parties were unknown to each other when they "took" the harvest field. To find out, if possible, the number of matrimonial unions which are fairly traceable to the soft things said in the midst of the harvest operations, were indeed no incurious or uninteresting subject of inquiry. That Cupid delights in a special manner to hover over the heads of the unmarried reapers, is one of those facts which all must concur in admitting, because it is undeniably proved

by the number of matrimonial results which are clearly attributable to attachments either formed or matured, while the parties are busy plying the sickle.

In some parts of the country the process of cutting the crops is performed by the scythe. The use of this implement, however, is not likely ever to become general. The sickle, though not so expeditious in its operations, performs its work much more cleanly, and in a far more business like manner. Corn cut down by the scythe is left on the ground in a state of confusion which is unpleasant to the eye, and is prejudicial to the ricking and to the severance of the grain from the ear. With the sickle it is otherwise. The corn is laid on the ground with the most perfect regularity, the ears being all together, and the process of subsequent separation of the grain from the straw, is consequently performed with comparative ease and expedition.

A very large proportion of the reapers in England, and in the south and western parts of Scotland, consist of persons who have emigrated from Ireland for the purpose; and when the harvest is finished, a considerable majority of their number return forthwith to their native country. In many instances, however, they do not return at all, but become denizens of localities on "this side of the water." A very large number visit England for the purpose of engaging in, the toils of the harvest field every year, and almost entirely live on the fruits of their labour, from the conclusion of one harvest to the commencement of another. Their average earnings in the harvest season are between four and five pounds. In the lowland districts of Scotland, again, there is a very large yearly importation of persons from the northern Highlands to aid in the labours of the harvest. They often walk on foot in coming to, and returning from, the scene of their operations, a distance of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles; and are quite contented with the produce of their four or five weeks' labour, if they can carry home with them fifty or sixty shillings.

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns the poet were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances of no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine and real women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire for the time being, and not ideal, as was too much the case in the poetical age which had preceded his time. In this respect he was very different from the poets of a former age, with their supposititious Daphnes and Phillises. With Burns, to quote a line of old MacLaurin, Lord Dreghorn—

— "Nelly, not Neera, was her name."

Plain, downright Annies and Nannies, and Tibbies and Jeannies, they were every one of them. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet—perhaps we may say, the greatest that has lived; and in whatever sphere he had been born, there was it certain that the maidens, whether in silk or druggie, must have been made immortal.

We have the poet's own authority, that the first flame in his bosom was kindled in his fifteenth autumn, by a "bonnie sweet lassie," who was assigned to him as his partner in the harvest-field. She was unwitting at first of the power she had acquired over him; and he himself did not know, as he tells us, "why he liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from their labours; why the tones of her voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettles and thistles."

Love brought poetry to its aid, and he now composed his first verses, beginning—

"Once I loved a bonnie lass, and aye
I love her still"—

a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first tunings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and, like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant.

The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when "rockings" were held in the house. These were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels, (formerly their rocks, hence the name,) and the young men knitted stockings; the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her damsels next day, for their want of alacrity, the result of their late sitting, enjoying the exquisite humour and jocularity of the poet.

Another of his very early Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Steven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about seventeen. But, alas! she was an heiress—her father a laird, that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moor land, with a cot-house and garden. She therefore looked high, and the consequence was the song beginning—

"Oh, Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been so shy;
For lack o' gear ye slighted me,
But troth I carena by.
Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, but gae'd by like stoure;
Ye geek at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I," &c.

His next serious fit of passion was while he was studying land-measuring at Kirkoswald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song, "Now westlin wins," &c. She became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayre.

About the time he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individualising them. Scarce a maiden existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his arts in courtship. He got really in love, and was then refused. "It cost me several heartaches," he says, "to get rid of the affair." Another, named Anne Roland, the

daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the "Annie" of the beautiful song the "Rigs of Barley."

"It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I hid away to Annie.
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley," &c.

The heroine of "My Nannie O," that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldeothill, near Lochlee, Ayrshire, and at one time a servant:—

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

At about four and twenty, while still assisting his father in the small, poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as "My dear E——." From these letters he appears to have at first made sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, "From thee, Eliza, I must go," which seems to have been written on the eve of his going abroad. The letters are in very pure English, and of a more moderate and rational complexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best. It commences as follows:

"Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more.
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh."

In the course of a short tour with Dr. Adair, August 1787, the poet first saw Miss Charlotte Hamilton at Harvieston, on the banks of the romantic little river Devon. She was a sister of his friend, Mr. Hamilton, of Mauchline; was born on the banks of the Ayr, and was afterwards married to James M. Adair, Esq., surgeon.

Miss Hamilton is celebrated in the following verses:

"How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr," &c.

She is characterized by the poet, at this time, as a charming young lady.

The following song, the poet tells us, was "composed out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of his friend, Mr. Allan Masterton," who afterwards became Mrs. Derbishire, and is now, or was lately, resident in London.

"Ye gallants bright, I red ye right,
Beware of bonnie Ann;
Her comely face, sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
Beware o' bonnie Ann."

No less beautiful are the following lines composed on Miss Denn Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben. Burns, spending an evening with this gentleman at his manse, was much pleased with the young lady who did the honours of the table, and next morning, at breakfast,

he presented her with the song. She is now Mrs. Renwick, and resides in New York.

"I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wi'd;
She charmed my soul, I wistna how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue," &c.

We had almost forgotten the circumstance which produced one of Burns's most beautiful effusions. In a summer evening of 1786, while walking in the woods of Ballochmyle, the poet casually met a Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of Claud Alexander, Esq., of Ballochmyle, who was enjoying the evening in the beautiful grounds around her brother's mansion, and is described as a very charming young lady. Burns enclosed the song to Miss Alexander, who was deterred by considerations of delicacy from taking notice of it at the time, though, we believe, she still preserves it with the greatest care. The lady is still, or was lately, living unmarried; and she owes the immortality she has now acquired, to this chance rencontre with the poet.

"'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang
Among the braes of Ballochmyle.
With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass of Ballochmyle," &c.

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burns's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Mossiel, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a maiden as any he ever admired, being the dairymaid at Colonel Montgomery's house of Coilsfield, a gentleman who afterwards became twelfth Earl of Eglintoun. There is a white thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet-lover often met his simple mistress. He celebrates her charms, and his own happiness, in the song of the "Highland Lassie." The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking his mistress if she will accompany him.

"Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavour to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr "to live one day of parting love," previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyllshire. Alas! it was their last meeting. In the song of "Highland Mary," the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. "The lovers," says Mr. Cromek, "stood on each side of a small

purling brook: they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again." Mary, as is well known, died at Greenock on her return, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Ellisland in Nithsdale, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening he retired to his stackyard in a state of apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky. There he lay for some hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife; and on coming into the house, wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn which follows:

"Thou ling'ring star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbly shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

The beautiful verses entitled "Highland Mary," alluded to above, are in a strain no less impassioned.

"Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfurled her robes,
And there they longest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The angel hours wif golden wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as life and light,
Was my own Highland Mary.
Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

But, ah! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early;
Now green's the sod and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.
Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I oft have kissed so fondly;
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary."

One other piece connected with Mary Campbell and we have done. This, which seems to have been written by Burns on the eve of his going abroad, "was first published in the Edinburgh Literary Journal of 21st of November, 1829, being taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Lewis Smith, bookseller, Aberdeen." It is entitled "The Last Adieu."

"O'er the mist shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore; [vale,
Where the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more."

We have treated Highland Mary at some length, and have only farther to record that her ashes rest in the West Church-yard of Greenock, without a stone "to mark the whereabouts."

We come now to the last lady who presided over the imagination of the poet, the celebrated Jean Armour, his wife. The father of this young woman was a master mason or builder of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and rather irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own account, she and Burns first met as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying, "Love me, love my dog," and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was, but their acquaintance was not to stop short here.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known, Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all weal or woe which befel him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the early period of their acquaintance, nor till they were really married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise.

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best.
Though wild woods grow, and rivers run,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, fresh and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
Wi' music charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards he infused his love for her into the passionate verses, beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill," of which one half stanza conveys a description, certainly not surpassed in the whole circle of British poetry.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips and roguish een,—
By heaven and earth I love thee!"

Mrs. Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no' my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in general society; but yet declaring that it wants the "witching grace" and "kind love" of his "own lassie;" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it.

Of "Their groves of sweet myrtle," we are not sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine, though she certainly ought to have been so. It commences as follows:—

"Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
When bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March, 1834, when she was buried beside her husband in the mausoleum at Dumfries. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

THE GATHERED ROSE.*

BY MARY SOUTHWELL.

ONE burning day in June, when the sun had dispersed every cloud, and reigned in all his brightness over the glowing sky, I lay down tired on a bank of moss, where the drooping branches of a young sycamore cast a refreshing shadow. I was quite alone,—for the birds had hidden themselves in green boughs far above the earth, waiting till the scorching hour of noon was past, and the fainting flowers had closed their eyes, and bowed down their heads to dream about the cool night and the pleasant dews. But whilst lying so sorrowful because I was companionless, that I forgot to receive with thankfulness the sunny scenes by which I was surrounded, and the peaceful rest of my soft couch, the warm west wind, with blossoms on his robe, came floating by, and as he caught the rising sigh of sadness, stooped his compassionate wings beside me, and lingered to tell me so sweet a tale, that even now, when many

years lie between me and that dear hour, the magical echoes of his voice still vibrate in my heart.

"You are resting on hallowed ground," he began, in tones of silver music. "Charms and recollections haunt this spot, of which you are unconscious, but they give pensive beauty to the violet that lies half hidden in the moss, and tender melody to the breeze that wanders here at evening, and then sweeps on to whisper in the poet's ear thoughts the world cannot understand.

"This hot season has dried the little brook that used to warble amongst the long grass beneath you—and the frosts of the past winter withered to the root a fair rose-tree that looked into its waters. Alas, how fearfully omnipresent is death! Mysteriously is decay interwoven with our brightest dreams. The softest sigh may cast the fairest blossom to the dust. The day so earnestly desired may call away the friend best beloved.

"This rose-tree was not more favoured by situation than many of the flowers that grew around, but there dwelt within it a better heart,—causing it to receive to greater profit the warmth of the moss that crept humbly round its roots, and the gay spirit of the waters bringing life and joy into its veins, and the wonderful teaching of the varying sky, that, in smiles or storms, never ceased to watch over it. One single bud graced this happy tree. I have heard my eastern brother tell, that many once had clustered on its stems: but cankering sickness grew within them, until he carried them all, one by one, blighted to the earth—all but this precious bud of which I speak. I saw nothing of this. Love, and life, and beauty, alone did I ever find in that tree; but it might have been the softened pitying shadow of remembered death and separation that united this solitary rose-bud to its parent-tree so tenderly,—making it love to nestle closer, as if for security within its encircling leaves, and put forth its sweetest smile beneath their shade. Day by day I came to that opening flower, which lifted up its fair head, and smiled at constant welcome, yielding the spirit to which it looked for guidance, the purest blessings he has ever known. In the fresh and early morning how ready was she to catch the earliest rays of the ascending sun; while her blushing leaves quivered at the notes of the lark, that was already flown out of sight, and tears of unutterable joy and love welled from her hidden heart. And at noon, when a hot stillness rested on the land, and my languid wings could scarcely bear me hither, I found her bowed in silent thoughtfulness,—communing within herself; and at such hours her words were full of deeper and richer beauty,—imparting such treasures of fragrant, that I went forth laden with comfort and refreshment.

"How is it," said I, sometimes, "that in this season, when the sun is become a burden, and the springs of nourishment are dried, such a fountain of bliss should be opened within you?" "Do you not yet know," she answered, "that the time of bereavement is often that of holiest enjoyment? Does not the soul then more gratefully muse over, and more purely love the benefactor and the friend, when the body is no longer the medium of intercourse? How often have my leaves withstood your kind caress, or veiled from my spirit the friendly sun—tempting it to believe that he regarded me no more; nay, have they not at times, by wayward agitation, jarred even the melody of the nightingale to my heart? But now I see nothing, and am all thought—oh, how I love them now! and at night, when even you are sleeping, before the heavenly stars will I weep over my unfaithfulness. And think not, dearest friend, that in bodily forms only can pleasure and wisdom journey to the soul. Does not the child look up in love to his mother's face long before the words of tenderest affection are intelligible to him, and receive with smiles words

* From a little work on the eve of publication, under the title of "Flowers of the Wilderness." Miss Southwell is a young lady of great literary promise.

the bright sunshine while still unconscious that it has a name?"

"Then I went forth from the hushed flower, and sought the sorrowful and lonely; and, while they blessed the unseen breeze that brought them consolation, they learned willingly the lesson that the rose had taught, and believing that vanished peace would yet again alight upon their path, they no longer sought to track its silver wings in the blinding mists of the past."

The Wind sighed. "Alas!" said I, "have not you then learned to rejoice always?" "Hush!" he whispered, "it is not forbidden even to the thankful-hearted to mourn; and he who is still a wanderer here, even among roses, cannot fail to weep full often, though he will ever find it his surest consolation to dry the tears of others. This is my happiest joy; but could I cheer them, had I never felt their grief? Is it not in hearing me sigh that they are comforted? Now listen, for I must away: the hour of noon is past, and the faint flowers will lament my absence."

"The green bands which had wrapped the young bud in happy retirement, were at length all loosened, and, blushing to the very heart, the perfect rose looked forth upon the world. Rejoicing in the power to bless, she poured out all the treasure of her spirit on the air, and reflected the glory of the sun from the mirror of her dewy breast, and bent her head to cast a beautiful shadow on the gentle brook. It seemed as if she could not show forth all her love to the dear companions of her life."

"There passed by this way a human being, with eyes that delighted to rest upon the beautiful, and a voice that could speak beguiling words; but without a heart to love. Before every fair form his senses were enthralled—but he had never sought after the fountain of beauty in the pure heart. He looked upon the rose, and bent down to worship her. Still more winningly did she glow in her confusion, as he poured forth his ardent breath. Lingeringly he knelt, for he felt that he could not go away and lose her. 'Wilt thou come with me?' he said. 'I will carry thee into a brighter land than this, where clouds shall never hide thee from the sun, and throngs of worshippers shall bow before thy feet; whereas here thou art surrounded only by these poor vulgar weeds.' 'It is my home,' said the rose; 'the land of my birth. To the humblest flower here I am deeply grateful; and not a cloud has shadowed us together, whose remembrance is not pleasant to me.' Then the youth urged his loneliness—how that hitherto he had wandered, seeking vainly for perfection—without which he must die in painful yearnings. And he wrung his hands, and bewailed the hour he had first seen her, if now they were to part for ever. Then the tender rose looked up, and there were tears upon her cheek; and cold as was the being who knelt before her, her spirit acknowledged the divine majesty of man. 'Could I really bless you?' she asked timidly. 'Even here I am but the humble recipient of good; how then could I minister to your happiness?' The youth waited not to reply, but stretching forth his impatient hand, plucked the scarcely-shrinking flower, and placed it in his bosom. And so eagerly were his proud thoughts fixed upon the matchless beauty of his glorious prize, that he did not even notice the tears she shed in parting from her parent-tree; and when I saw them fall unheeded to the ground—the only bequest she could leave to a place so long gladdened by her presence—I knew that he loved her not, and I sighed so heavily, that he turned and departed."

"We met again. The rose was somewhat paler, but certainly more lovely as she rested calmly beside him, drinking sunshine from his eyes and joy from his voice, but finding no home within his heart. And a short—oh, how short a time elapsed—and I found her blighted and

dying, even on his breast; while he angrily complained that he must carry about with him a withered rose, when all around so many were glowing in their prime of charms. 'Is it you, dear friend?' she murmured faintly, as I pressed closer to catch her last breath. 'Carry me to the bed of moss, by the silver brook; and lay me under the tree that gave me birth. No longer can my spirit yield sweet refreshment, and my leaves shall no more look fair, even to the eye of him who once told me they were changeless.'

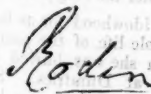
"I raised the faded form upon my wings, and lifelessly it rested, for the very heart was broken in twain. The destroyer was almost unconscious that the dry and thorny stalk was all now left to remind him of his late blessing, so earnestly was he gazing on a snow-white lily at his side; and the sigh he had heaved for his sad fate, when I first addressed the rose, still lingered on his lips when mine, beneath that lonely tree, was waiving a requiem over the perished flower I had laid to rest."

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. XL

In the present number we shall confine ourselves to the peerage of the land, beginning with

LORD RODEN.

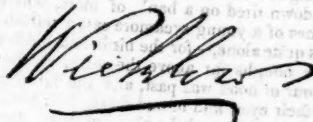
His lordship is a fine handsome-looking man; tall and well made. His complexion is dark, and his hair is something between a black and auburn colour. He is a very religious man. He used to attend a dissenting chapel in Crown street, Soho, during the ministry of the late Rev. Mr. Rees, and is very fond of the society of evangelical ministers of all denominations. He is most strenuously opposed to the Roman Catholic religion; and is regarded in Ireland as the great champion of Protestantism. His lordship writes a small quiet hand.



His appearance would lead one to infer that his age is between fifty and fifty-five. He is one of the leading Orangemen in Ireland.

EARL OF WICKLOW.

Lord Wicklow is another friend and supporter of the Protestant church, in opposition to Roman Catholicism. He speaks with much frequency in the House of Lords. He writes a light beautiful hand.



He is a stout-made man, with an inclination to corpulency, and of the average height. His face is full, round, and redolent of colour. His hair is of a lightish hue, and very thin. His age is on the wrong side of fifty. His appearance and manners are very plain.

LORD RADNOR.

The noble lord is the most radical member of the peerage. He was the friend and admirer of the late William

Cobbett. His hand-writing is small, and would be considered by most persons as very neat.



He is a straight-forward, honest, country-looking man, with abundance of colour in his angular face. His hair is of a lightish grey, and very short. He is of the middle height, and rather broadly formed. His age must be verging on sixty.

AGNES LINDORF.*

WALDECK LINDORF was a merchant of one of the most flourishing free cities of Germany. He had retired with his aged partner and an only daughter to a sequestered spot, far from the ceaseless turmoil of business, to which he had been so long exposed, and passed his days in tranquil enjoyment, devoting the chief portion of his time to the instruction of his beloved child in the principles of religion and virtue. Nor did the object of his cares disappoint his most sanguine expectations. Often did the old man with tears of love and gratitude streaming down his cheeks, declare she was of daughters the most affectionate, as of women the most virtuous and lovely; and truly did he speak!

It is not to be supposed that one so richly endowed in mind and person, should remain without many suitors for her hand; and among the number was one named Ernest Lubeck, whom Waldeck had selected as the future husband of the lovely Agnes. He was a young man of good property, and of whose qualities of mind and heart the world spoke highly. But a woman's affections are not always to be schooled to a parent's wishes. She felt she never could bestow her hand, where her heart could not accompany the gift. In truth that heart was not her own to yield; for it was possessed by one who had in secret stolen the precious gem, and wore it still in triumph.

A short time previous to the opening of our tale, a national festival had been held in the suburbs of the city, with song, dance, and merriment. On the occasion in question Agnes and her parents visited the scene, and even partook themselves of its amusements. While the former was gazing with pleasure on the graceful movements of a national dance, she was accosted by a stranger, who, with many apologies for his seeming intrusion, begged that he might be honoured by becoming her partner, in substitution of a pair who from fatigue had just retired. She could not refuse so polite and respectfully urged a request, and her parents offering no objection, she was led through the figures by the stranger, who, if not by words, by the more dangerous language of the eyes, expressed the warm feelings of admiration with which he viewed his lovely partner. She, in turn, could not altogether suppress a strange sensation of pleasure, as she observed these silent demonstrations of his regard; and yet when her heart apprized her of the fact, she wondered at herself.

The stranger appeared to be about five-and-twenty, and possessed one of those countenances which, though not decidedly handsome, yet often possess a greater power of pleasing than features more finely formed. The lineaments of his face were strongly marked, indicative of deeply-seated passions. His eyes were black and piercing;

but a keen observer might have detected in their restless action, an occasional expression of dark meaning, which tallied ill with the festive gaiety of his carriage, and the frequent smiles of seeming frankness and pleasure he bestowed upon his partner.

The dance concluded, and leading her to her parents, he commenced in the most polished language, and with the greatest deference, a conversation, in which with admirable skill he contrived to render the already prepossessed Agnes conscious of his admiration, without exciting the slightest suspicion of the fact in the breasts of her aged protectors. To effect this he had but to second the simple words of passing compliment, with looks of passionate ardour directed to the maid, when her heart instantly comprehended their fullest meaning.

The evening was fast advancing, and the stranger prayed to be allowed to accompany them to their home, that he might experience as long as possible the delight which he said he derived from their society. Waldeck complied,—and at parting the stranger again begged a continuance of their brief acquaintance, in being permitted occasionally to visit them. This point also conceded, he with many professions of the most sincere regard, bade them farewell.

The stranger became a frequent visitor at the house of Waldeck, the object of which it may already have been surmised, was the opportunity of conversing with the gentle Agnes, though in their interviews he ever preserved a mysterious silence as to his name or station. By imperceptible degrees he won so surely upon the maiden's heart, that in the end he made it all his own; and on one occasion when they had been left for a time together by the unsuspecting Waldeck and his wife, he boldly declared his passion, and sued for its return,—nor sued in vain. The artless girl ingenuously reciprocated his confession, and they vowed eternal fidelity.

One evening shortly subsequent to the event we have just recorded, as our heroine was strolling in the romantic shrubbery adjoining her father's house, she was suddenly encountered by the stranger, who, leading her to a bank, seated himself beside her, and conversed in a strain which seemed far from displeasing to his fair auditor.

"And will you ever love me?" he said, taking her unresisting hand within his own.

"Oh, why that question?" she returned. "Can you for an instant doubt my love?"

"Nay, nay," he cried, "forgive the question; but I cannot dissipate the thought of the hopelessness of our passion. It is useless to suppose your father will ever sanction our union, while he remains a stranger to my name and circumstances, and for the present they must not be divulged. The knowledge of them, however unjustly, might induce him to hate and persecute me."

"Your words are strange," she cried, "but I shall not seek to unravel the mystery which enwraps you. Necessity no doubt compels you to silence, and till that necessity is removed, hope alone must be my solace."

"Your hopes may in the end prove fruitless," he cried, vehemently. "Agnes," he continued after a momentary pause, "you say you love me,—nay do not chide," he exclaimed, seeing that she was about to interrupt him, "I am convinced of the fact, yet am about to put that love to the test."

"Believe me, you shall not find me deficient," she returned smilingly.

"You know the barrier to our wishes—it cannot be removed. The only way by which we can secure our mutual happiness is by a private marriage. Fly with me, Agnes; fly with me, that we may at once unite our fates together!"

"What! leave my aged parents to sink in sorrow to the

* Translated from the German for the "London Saturday Journal."

grave? I cannot—dare not brook a parent's wrath—perhaps their bitter curse;" and she grew pale and shuddered as she spoke. "What evil star presides over our destinies," she cried, "that we must be debarred the fruition of our dearest hopes, save by the means you now propose?"

"Agnes, if you would not drive me to despair, do not reject my petition," he cried, at the same time casting himself at her feet. "I will this night make you mine by the rites of our holy church; and we may return when your parents' anger has subsided, to claim their blessing. If you value my happiness, consent to my proposal!"

For a moment the maiden struggled between her sense of filial duty, and the promptings of a heart swayed by the powerful influence of woman's first and ardent love; but in the end the latter triumphed in its fullest power, and hiding her face in her hands, she gave vent to the strong emotions which had agitated her bosom in a copious flood of tears. The stranger sprang to his feet, and clasping the weeping Agnes to his breast, received from her lips a half-murmured compliance to his suit.

It was agreed that they should meet at nightfall near a neighbouring chapel, where they were to be united by the resident priest, and then repair to the retreat he would in the mean time provide for their reception. They parted, and the maid returned, her breast agitated by conflicting feelings, to her father's house.

The thought of the deception she was about to practise towards those from whom she had had no secret till her heart had learnt to love, filled her bosom with remorseful pangs, and gave to her features an expression of sadness and care which failed not to attract the attention of Waldeck, who, as Agnes entered the apartment in which he and his aged partner were seated, exclaimed, "My child, why do you wear that look of sadness, so unusual? Speak," said he, tenderly imprinting a kiss on her pale forehead; "tell thy fond father the reason of your dejection."

She could not speak for some minutes, during which her unsophisticated heart beat tumultuously while struggling with the untruth she was about to utter. At length she said, that having extended her walk farther than usual, fatigue had produced the appearance her father had remarked.

"Is it so, my child?" said he, fixing a look of anxious scrutiny upon her, "I hope there is indeed no other cause. My child, something which I cannot divine fills my breast with strange forebodings. A dread presentiment of impending evil has long oppressed me,—ay, ever since that stranger became a visitor at our house. The mystery he has always maintained as to his name and circumstances, has given rise to no favourable opinion of him in my breast. Beware of his insinuating address, my child! nor listen to the tales of love you say he so often repeats to thee. You are a stranger to the arts a villain can employ for the seduction of an unsuspecting heart."

Agnes stood with downcast eyes during this admonition, nor dared to speak even in vindication of him, who, her heart assured her, was not the being her heart had pictured.

At length, remorse for the duplicity she was using to so kind a parent overcame her firmness, and she burst into tears.

"Nay, nay, Agnes," cried her aged mother, "do not weep, child. It is your father's anxiety makes him appear unkind. There, there," she cried, embracing her daughter, and kissing her affectionately, "let me see you smile again. You are fatigued, my child; retire to your chamber and repose awhile."

After having with a sad heart embraced her parents, as if for the last time, she was about to comply, when Waldeck called her to him and said, "Agnes, do not think I am displeased at any act of thine. Thou hast ever been

all that thy fond parents' hearts could desire. Without thee, they must soon sink desponding to the tomb."

"Speak not thus, my father," she cried, falling at his feet. "Your words have chilled my heart! Bless me; bless thy Agnes, and ease her of this weight of anguish!"

"My daughter, what does this mean?" cried Waldeck, rising from his seat in bewildered surprise. "But have your wish, my child," he continued, raising his withered hands to heaven. "Bless thee, bless thee, for ever! and may Heaven also bless thee, as thou dost seek its blessing by thy deeds!"

Raising his prostrate daughter from the ground, Waldeck clasped her in his arms, and hiding his face on her shoulder, gave way to an unrestrained burst of parental feeling. The poor mother also embraced her, and, while tears traced each other down her pallid features, added her benediction, and Agnes quitted the apartment.

She threw herself on her couch, but not to rest. The struggle was painful almost to madness, but the mysterious and invincible power of that new and all-pervading sentiment which now possessed her every faculty, swayed her woman's heart, and conquered every scruple. When the shades of evening began to wrap the chamber in obscurity, she arose, and with trembling hand raised the window, securing one end of a scarf to the sill. Involuntarily sinking on her knees, she commended her parents to the guardianship of Heaven. She then arose and climbing over the window, lowered herself by the scarf, and reached the ground in safety. Casting one farewell glance at the home in which she had passed so many years of happy innocence, she left the spot to throw herself and her hopes upon the honour and fidelity of him who had first taught her guileless heart to love.

Two years passed away.—It was a summer evening, the setting sun was shedding his parting glory over the face of nature, giving to the landscape a richness and glow of colouring, which few can behold without sentiments of the liveliest admiration. A female was seen wending her way along the high road leading to the city of ——. She bore in her arms a sleeping infant, whom ever and anon she pressed to her bosom with an appearance of tenderness, fraught with an anxious disquietude of look, which betrayed a sense of fear lest she should be deprived of its possession by some lurking enemy. Her appearance was disordered and travelworn; and her features, though youthful, and even lovely, despite her paleness, were haggard, and marked with an expression of care and anxiety, which revealed the existence of much mental suffering. Her step was tottering and slow, and plainly indicated that she had already travelled many weary miles. Still she struggled on, as if determination to reach her destination rendered her callous to the appeals of exhausted nature.

It was a romantic scene, and such as to fill the breast with glowing admiration, and the most ardent devotion to Him who formed and clothed the earth in such luxuriant beauty. Mountains arrayed in verdure rose in wild irregularity around, forming by their intersection the most beautiful valleys, in which were scattered, like flakes of snow, fleecy herds, sporting in Nature's freedom; while all was still save their distant bleating, which smote upon the ear with a lulling sound, conveying to the heart a sensation of peaceful repose.

The poor traveller struggled on, and the lovely scene we have attempted to describe was left far behind, and she entered that of a more sombre character. On her right was situated a magnificent cemetery, whose crowd of tomb-stones told a sad story of the vanity of man's hopes and fears—his joys and sorrows, and all the little nothings

of this fleeting life which form the sum of his existence. The approach to it was by a winding road, shaded at intervals by straggling trees; while the abrupt turnings of the road she travelled, which on either side was occasionally hemmed by rude acclivities covered with brushwood and wild foliage, precluded a more extended prospect.

At length the feeble traveller, unequal to the continued exertion, could no longer urge her progress, but staggering to a bank by the way-side, she sunk down upon it in a state of utter exhaustion and seeming despair.

Reader, it was Agnes—that Agnes who was once the idol of a parent's love, and the pride and boast of their joyous hearts! That Agnes who was once all purity and innocence—all life and gaiety—all buoyancy and hope,—now a miserable outcast, wasted and wan—dejected and despairing—the victim of a misplaced love! But let us trace back a portion of her history.

She had been deceived in the man on whom she had rested all her hopes of happiness. He but too successfully, as we have seen, decoyed her into his power, when instead of conveying her to the chapel to solemnize their union, he carried her by force to a cavern in a wood several miles distant from her father's house, where his real character was at once disclosed. The stranger who had seemed to his poor victim the soul of honour, was no other than a captain of banditti, who, charmed with the beauty of Agnes, whom he saw at the festival we have mentioned, and which he attended in disguise for purposes the reader will easily imagine, succeeded as we have described in gaining her affections. When Agnes thought of the adverse change in her prospects, which her present situation predicted, she could not speak for some time, but availed herself of woman's privilege, and wept in anguish. The robber, apparently softened by the sight, endeavoured to dissipate her unavailing tears, and spoke in words intended to soothe her grief, and reconcile her to her lot. One of the band, who were carelessly carousing at an oaken table, endeavoured to add to his principal's arguments, and to convince Agnes of her being in very fortunate circumstances, by roughly saying that many a girl as handsome as herself had, before her arrival, been happy enough to share the love and fortunes of his commander, and he did not see why she could not in her turn do the same. Agnes, as may be supposed, was filled with disgust by this disclosure of the villany of him who had thus entrapped her; and her former sentiments of love were almost instantaneously converted into as fervent hate. She recoiled from him in abhorrence, and declared her determination never to become the mistress of an outlaw and a libertine. Her captor's blandishments were now altogether laid aside, and he appeared in his natural character. With terrible menaces against the officious-tongued follower who had exposed him, he commanded the hapless Agnes to weigh well her situation, and by her own voluntary consent preclude the necessity of enforcing her to obedience. Surrounded by her captors, and without the possibility of escape, she in the end fell the victim to her betrayer's lawless passion, and henceforth drooped in unavailing sorrow. Time passed on, and she became a mother. Her infant boy became the solace of many an otherwise wretched hour, and served in a great measure to alleviate the misery of her situation.

The outlaw bestowed no thought of kindness on his offspring; and if he spoke of it at all, it was to say that being a boy, it might one day form a brave addition to his troop. Crime had steeled his heart to human sympathies: his treatment of the unfortunate Agnes and her child became daily more brutal and oppressing; and she ceased not to implore the aid of Heaven to escape from the horrors of her situation.

At length, taking occasion when the outlaws with their captain were absent, save one alone who was left to guard the cavern, she effected her escape while the robber slept over his cup, and with her infant charge set out for her long deserted home, to throw herself upon the forgiveness of her injured parents, and the mercy of Heaven. With unremitting toil did she pursue her way, till overpowered with fatigue and mental solicitude, she cast herself by the road-side as we have seen; her heart filled with the thought that she should be pursued, and perhaps recaptured by her ruthless betrayer.

When she had for a brief space remained, wrapt in desponding melancholy, she was aroused by the tolling of a bell, which seemed to come from the chapel of the cemetery. Its tones were blended with the swell of human voices, apparently chanting a funeral dirge. Presently she observed a procession winding its way amid the trees which lined the approach to the burying-ground, following a coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men. Immediately behind an aged man moved with tottering gait, supported by a youth who seemed endeavouring to allay the old man's grief by kind and soothing words. The mournful train emerged from the sheltered road to full view, and entering the cemetery, stopped before a new-made grave, into which after the funeral service had been performed the coffin was lowered, and the earth and turf being replaced, the mourners all retired, save the old man and the youth we have noticed. The former threw himself upon the grave in a transport of agonising grief, which the young man attempted not to violate by useless remonstrance.

The most tumultuous feelings agitated the breast of Agnes as she beheld this heart-rending spectacle, and by an intuitive impulse overcoming her physical weakness, she succeeded in gaining the spot where the sad scene was acting. With trembling anxiety she waited till the old man should raise his head from the grave, and the horrid suspicion of her heart be eradicated or confirmed. At length the mourner slowly raised himself from his recumbent position, and clasping his hands together, seemed engaged in secret prayer. A loud scream from Agnes startled him, and he beheld her stretched on the ground with her infant beside her. The young man ran to her assistance, and raising her in his arms uttered an exclamation of surprise, which brought the aged mourner to the spot. On beholding the insensible form of Agnes he gave a loud cry, and clasping her to his breast, kissed her with the most frantic wildness of demeanour. She gradually recovered her consciousness, when seeing herself in the old man's arms she uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself on his neck.

It was her father, and the youth who stood beside them was Ernest Lubeck, her rejected lover.

"My child," said Waldeck, while his tears fell fast, "my repentant child, welcome to thy father's heart once more. Thou art restored by bounteous Heaven to be yet the solace of my age. Thy poor mother has gone, my child! Thy loss bore heavy on her heart, and grief became her destroyer. But we will not speak of this, thou hast already suffered too much. There—grieve not so wildly; take comfort in the knowledge of your parents' entire forgiveness;" and he wept afresh.

"Oh, my father!" cried Agnes, "the hand of Heaven is upon me. Lead me to my mother's grave, that I may pour out my soul in one long sigh of anguish, and prayer for mercy!"

The old man complied, and the unhappy Agnes threw herself on the new-made grave, kissed it with fervour, and gave vent to the sorrows which filled her heart to bursting. Her father stood convulsed by contending emotions, and

suddenly giving a convulsive shudder, grasped the young man's arm for support, exclaiming, "Agnes, Agnes!" She instantly arose and ran towards him with anxious solicitude. "My child," he exclaimed, "I feel I am dying—bring me thy poor babe, the fruit of thy transgression, that I may bless thee and it before I leave you for ever." The young man placed it in his arms. "May the Almighty bless thee and thy hapless offspring, and guard you from all future ills—and may He forgive thee as does thy dying father." He gave the infant to its mother, and leaning on his youthful companion, a strong shiver passed through his frame,—he was a corpse! The revulsion of feeling from the depths of grief to the sudden transports of joy was too much for his enfeebled frame, and he fell its victim. At this moment a muffled figure entered the cemetery, who had watched from the road the scene we have been describing, and concealed himself behind a monument, near enough to the group to hear their words.

Agnes gazed at the fixed features of her dead father with feelings not to be described. She took his hand with trembling eagerness, and pressing it to her heart, as if to allay the fearful tide of suffering she endured, exclaimed, "My father, speak to me—speak to thy erring child, to say you still live to bless her with your love!"

"It is vain, Agnes," said the youth, tenderly placing the body on the grass, and kneeling beside it, "he is no more."

"What, dead! lost to me for ever! Have I murdered them both?" Then, as if sudden frenzy had seized her brain, she exclaimed wildly, "My parents, you shall be avenged! Hence with all thought of love to the fiend who has wrought this destruction! Though the father of my child, I will deliver him to the hands of justice, and proclaim him to the world the wretch he is!"

"Say you so?" cried a voice, "this shall prevent thee;" and the stranger's dagger was buried in her heart. She fell with a loud cry, and catching the form of her assassin as he retreated from her, exclaimed, "It is my betrayer! He has finished the fell work of destruction! Have mercy!—my child!" She ceased; and falling on the body of her father, yielded up her spirit.

"Monster! assassin!" cried the bewildered youth, rushing after the murderer with the hope of securing him. It was in vain: the robber had succeeded in reaching the road, and, remounting his horse, was in an instant beyond the chance of capture.

* * * *

Guilt, though it flourish triumphantly for a time, never escapes the vengeance of offended Heaven. The murderer of the family of Lindorf, after a brief career of crime and lawless pleasure, died on the scaffold.

Ernest Lubeck after having followed to the grave the ill-fated Agnes and her hapless sire, retired to a secluded spot, taking with him the poor orphan, whom he determined to adopt, and rear in the paths of virtue and honour, that he might prove in mind and heart all that his unhappy mother was, before she fell the victim of a misplaced love.

G. A. R.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

THE French, by landing at Killala, had induced the population of Mayo to rise in rebellion, and after early success, and subsequent defeat, the hopes of the insurgents were altogether extinguished by the defeat and surrender of the French at Ballinamuck; and, after the surrender of Killala to the king's forces, the hour of retribution came down on the poor misguided people, and the curse

of martial law, domiciliary visits, and free quarters, wasted all around.

There is a village in the Laggan not far from Downpatrick, and the young and able of that community had, in the general rising, gone out,—and why should not they, when told by their betters, in whom they entirely trusted, that their country and their religion called them to the field? They had been at the taking of Killala and Ballina, and were active—as all Roman Catholic Mayo was—in defeating General Lake at Castlebar; and now they had come home to reap their corn, and their wives and families had given God thanks, that, with but one or two exceptions all had returned safe, and the wise and prudent had asked what good had been gained by all this *ruination*, and the answer still was, "It's well it's no worse;" when the hard word came one day, as the whole village population were out stooking the oats, that the army from Killala was coming, that the terrible Frazer fencibles were at hand,—hard, stern, plundering men, who gave no quarter. Of course, the men's consciences told them that as insurgents they were amenable to the law, and their fears urged their flight—but where? The red coats were too near to give them time to flee to the mountains, and so they made to the cliffs. Here, often these young and active men were accustomed to go a fowling, and along the great precipice of Downpatrick, pluck the young sea bird from the ledges of the rock, rob the sea pigeon's nest, or surprise the young seal in the recesses of Poolnashanthana. In pursuit of these wild sports, their practice was, to let themselves down by ropes, and, trusting to the steadiness or vigour of their companions above, to hang along the face of the cliff or descend to holes and caves otherwise inaccessible.

On this occasion, they recollected the Poolnashanthana, and aware that the tide was out, considered that they might safely resort to the ledge of rock that remained for some hours uncovered below, and there stay concealed until the soldiers had scoured their village and retired, under the conviction that their victims had escaped. Accordingly, they, to the number of twenty-five, took an active and able-bodied woman with them; and, by means of her holding a rope from above, all successively descended the chasm, and seated themselves on the rock, while the woman went back to the village, having received strong injunctions to return and draw them up again, when the army had gone away, or at any rate before the tide should rise and cover their resting place. It may be imagined the suspense of these poor men; they were near enough to hear in the still autumn day, the musket shots; they thought of their houses fired, their corn in flames, their cattle driven off, and, what was worse than all, their defenceless women abused. The day wore away, and the westerling sun sent its slanting beams more and more faintly down the chasm: the tide was coming in fast, the ripple became a wave as it boomed in, and rose gradually so as to touch and cover their feet. But why go on? The woman went, but returned not; frightened out of her wits by the fury and licence of the soldiery, she forgot her trust, and fled away towards the inland hills; the army had retired, night came on, and the tide rose to its accustomed limits, and it covered higher than any human head that populous rock; and when another sun arose, and the women and greybeards of the doomed village came to Poolnashanthana, they could see some corpses lying dry and bloated here and there in the caves and chasms; others had floated out to sea. The sun has seldom shone on a more melancholy sight! But it avails not to continue the subject,—a generation of the males of that poor hamlet was swept away, and at this day not an old man is to be found there.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WORLD HAD FAITH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The world had faith in days of old,
When on a wild and stormy night,
While lightnings flashed, and thunders rolled,
There met the startled herdsman's sight,
The dazzling vision of some prophet's form,
Borne on a spirit's pinions through the storm.

The world had faith in days of old—
Faith that a spark to fire sufficed,
When minstrels sang, and barons bold
Fought for the sepulchre of Christ;
And countless pilgrims sought the East to greet
The lake whereon had trod the Saviour's feet.

The world had faith, when priest and prayer
Governed by superstition's spell;
When royal lust dared not to tear
La Vallière from her convent cell;
When near the throne the altar stood in state,
And monarchs owned that God alone was great.

The peasant's humble faith hath flown;
The Saviour's tomb owns Moslem sway;
The altar's pride is overthrown;
The people frown their kings away.
Men still are dreamers, but believe no more—
Was it not better in the days of yore?

G.

VARIETIES.

BROTHERLY LOVE IN ROOKS.—One fine evening, says Dr. Percival, I placed myself within view of a rookery, on the banks of the Irwell, near Manchester, and marked the various labours, pastimes, and movements of the society. The idle rooks were amusing themselves by chasing each other, and made the air resound with their discordant voices. In the midst of these playful exertions it unfortunately happened that one rook struck his beak against the wing of another. This rook, being lamed, fell into the river. A general cry of distress ensued: the birds hovered with every expression of anxiety over their distressed companion. Encouraged perhaps by their cries, and possibly directed by their advice, he sprang into the air, and by a strong effort reached the top of a rock which projected over the water. Now the cries of joy were universal, but the wounded bird, attempting to fly to its nest, dropped again into the river and was drowned, amidst the mourning of its brethren.

AMBER.—Amber is a very elegant half transparent substance, of a yellow or white tint, much used for ornaments, and, when dissolved, in the manufacture of varnishes. It is sometimes found in clay pits in England, but the longest celebrated is that which is thrown upon the coasts by the Baltic sea. Poland, Silesia, Bohemia, Saxony, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and Germany, all produce it. It is uncertain whence amber is formed; some imagine it to exude from trees, some to be formed by the ants, some to be a species of bitumen. Within some pieces, leaves and insects are found included, and these are never in the middle, but always near the surface. Of the insects which have been originally enclosed, some are plainly seen to have struggled hard for their liberty, and even to have left their limbs behind them in the attempt: it is no unusual thing to see in it a stout beetle, wanting one or perhaps two of its legs, and these legs left in different places. This accounts for our finding legs or wings of flies without the rest of their bodies, in pieces of amber; the insects having escaped at the expense of leaving those limbs behind them. Drops of water, and beautiful ferns and mineral substances, are also discovered in it. Electricity was first observed in amber, and is called after the Greek word for it.

THE STARLING.—The starling is a bird which is seen in Britain during the winter in great flocks, but for the most part leaves us in the spring and summer. Like the parrot, it has the power of imitating sounds. "My parents," says M. Trimolt, "had a starling that of his own accord imitated a variety of tones, after hearing them often. When my sister was an infant, the starling paid a great deal of attention to her screaming and began to imitate it, till by daily practice he learned to counterfeit the cry with the utmost accuracy. When my sister's crying-years were past, strangers would often be surprised at the sound, and look round to see what child might be making such a noise. The same bird also learned to imitate the trumpet. A troop of cavalry was stationed in the town, and in the evening the trumpet blew not far from the house. The starling listened so attentively, that in a few weeks he could perform the whole of the evening music with all its pauses and changes of time; though it was indeed a great exertion for his voice."

LOVE'S TELEGRAPH.—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to die a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, flower, or trinket to a lady with the left hand, this on his part is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed; and through the medium of the telegraph, the most timid and diffident man may, without difficulty, communicate his sentiments of regard for a lady, and (in case his offer should be refused) avoid experiencing the mortification of an explicit refusal.

There are a great many ridiculous things in this country—for instance, there are thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse-stable, who would feel insulted if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They like to prate of "good society," "mixed company," and "family dignity!"

BOARDING-SCHOOLS.—Were a judicious system of management pursued in boarding-schools, the opprobrium which has so long attached to them, would not only be removed, but they might be made the means of improving the general health of the pupils, and of correcting even the scrofulous constitution; they would thus become the source of much future benefit to the children and of happiness to their parents.—*Sir James Clark on Consumption.*

THE HARVEST MOUSE.—The smallest of British quadrupeds is supposed to be the harvest mouse, hitherto found only in Hampshire, and which is so diminutive, that two of them put into a scale, just weighed down one copper halfpenny. One of the nests of these little animals was procured by Mr. White. It was most artificially platted, and composed of wheat blades, and perfectly round, about the size of a cricket ball. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across a table without being discomposed, though it contained eight young ones. This wonderful cradle was found in a wheat-field suspended in the head of a thistle.

Vol. I. of the New and Pictorial Series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, price 6s. 6d. handsomely bound in cloth, is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers.

LONDON:

W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Dublin: CURRY & Co.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.